







## Poetry.

## "The Confessional"

[London.]

It is a lie—their press, their Pope,  
Their saint, their— all they fear or hope!  
Are lies, and lies!—I think my soul  
Is dead, and I am dead!—I think my soul  
Is dead, and I am dead!

Tut, spite of them I reads the world!

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You think priests just and holy men!  
Before they eat out in little den  
I was a human creature too,  
With flesh and blood, like one of you,  
A girl that laughed in beauty's pride  
Lies, like in your outside.

HIL.

I have a swan—swan!

This poor swan, by grim and gaunt,  
Was kind to me, and I loved him well;

By the true love I earned,

His heart's own!—one night they kissed

My soul out in a burning mist.

So, next day, when the accustomed train

Of things crowed my sense again,

"That is a lie," said—and slow

With downcast eyes to church I go,

And when I come, I say, "I am dead!"

Tut, spite of the old mild father there,

But, I am dead!

Tut, I am dead!